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Monday Morning  
Dec. 19, 1944

Dear Sweet Darling;

I sit down to pen a letter to you, completely surrounded by water. It rained all through the night and consequently we are now stranded in the middle of a sea of water and mud. Class must go on, however so we will journey out to brave the elements ten minutes from now. I'd just as soon go because I'm anxious to get back to that typewriting. I never did think I'd be anxious to go to a g.i. class but I like this one. I guess it's because it is something useful.

My feet are really soaked and, the way it's still raining, I'd say they stand a good chance of remaining wet indefinitely. And the rainy season is just starting. What a thought.

That scheme I outlined for outwitting our friends the rats worked. My candy bars went unmolessted. Of course a slight leak above my mosquito net dissolved the candy bars but at least the rats didn't get them.

I just came back from our morning classes and am soaked. My feet will never dry out. I'm going to

try to exercise plenty of self control, since  
it's worth one's life to try to make the  
latrine. The way is paved with nice  
wet, oozy mud which comes up over  
the shoe tops. It's like that everywhere  
except where the water is knee deep  
and then I don't even notice the mud.

I certainly am glad that our tents  
are raised off the ground so that at  
least we have a moderately dry floor  
under our feet. We won't have for long  
if Kowalchuk keeps up the work he's  
started. While sweeping this morning  
he stepped on a loose board and the  
damned thing just caved in under  
his feet leaving us with a yawning  
hole in the floor - an excellent place,  
by the way, in which to throw cigaret  
butts and to sweep the dirt into. We  
should have them in our home.

There's a cartoon in the latest  
issue of "The New Yorker", our latest  
issue Aug. 19<sup>th</sup>, which amused me very  
much. It shows a boxing ring in one cor-  
ner of which is a rather intelligent look-  
ing Kangaroo and in the other a rather  
dumb looking pug whose manager is  
telling him, "Remember now. You got the brains."



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I rather like this pen to write with, it works very well. The point is broad enough that it doesn't catch in the paper very much. Of course the fountain pen is better but this will have to suffice.

Still no mail has come over to us from the 27<sup>th</sup>. I'm anxious as the devil to hear from you again, Sweet. I'm just about due for a batch of mail, since I haven't gotten any for a couple of weeks. Your letters cheer me up so very much. It's almost like having you talk with me while I'm reading the letter. I like to hear just what's happening to you all the time.

I've given up hope of seeing Arthur for the present. Either he is on his way home or has moved because I still haven't heard from him. I hope he has gone home but I have my doubts. I'm afraid that he's still around here, on this side of the ocean I mean.

Has Tommy left the States yet? I hope not. He learned that every day in the States is a day to be very thoroughly appreciated. This desolate hole should be given back to the natives or sunk, or both.

Our afternoon classes are finished, I've eaten and now I am sitting in our recreation tent finishing this letter. The radio is playing some very nice dancing music - may I have the next dance my "Sweet Darling?" - which at the moment means "How Deep is the Ocean?" A very nice piece, but not nearly as nice as our song "I'll Walk Alone." That song seems to have been written expressly for us. It tells exactly how I feel about you.

My friend Hopkins is quite sick and I'm going to pull his guard tonight. When my turn comes up he will reciprocate. This guard is a simple affair since all I have to do is remain in a room for three hours and see that no typewriters disappear from there. I'll take a book with me to read while I'm there. My guard is from 8:00 P.M. till 11:00 P.M. I won't get much sleep but if I waited for my turn I'd probably draw the 11:00 till 2:00 A.M. shift. This is much better.

Our water has started to subside and we now need not fear stepping into guddies since they are now no deeper than

me foot.

The news sounds good again now that we have taken Ormoc and the British have announced the fact that they have a Pacific fleet in action out here. Every little bit helps and something like this will undoubtedly shorten my army career. Anything that will do that has my wholehearted approval. I want to get back to you so I can enjoy life thoroughly. Without you that is impossible. Gosh but I love you Darling, and I miss you just as much as I love you.

In this letter I am enclosing a sixpence, a coin equivalent roughly to eight american cents. It's the second smallest silver coin the Aussies have. I was lucky to get this one since, through a mistake, there were no sixpences sent to the finance office at the 5<sup>th</sup> Depot this month. I got it in change when I paid for my beer and tobacco ration today. I'm going to draw 24 cans of beer and four cartons of cigarets - Luckies. Don't you envy me the cigarets. I understand you're having



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trouble getting them. I wish there were some way I could send you some and be fairly certain they'd reach you in smokable condition. If they have some good pipe tobacco I'll get that, if not I'll settle for the Luckies.

Have you seen Brunnhilda lately? If you do, give her my best regards won't you. Despite appearances she is "also a woman", and a very good hearted one at that. I still get a boot out of that day she told us that. Has she learned that Dix given you a ring? When is Miss Winton getting married? She did or will beat us to it at that won't she? Not by a heck of a lot though because as soon as the war even threatens to end you had better just start practising writing the name Mrs. Dolores Maurice because that's what your name will become amazingly suddenly.

Did you buy that place setting of silverware you told me you were getting. If so be sure to let me know which kind

it is. Will have quite a start when we're married with our silverware and those items of furniture you said you were going to buy plus the rugs you're making this winter. You are still going to make them aren't you Honey?

The insects around here are going to drive me crazy. I'm all covered with mosquito bites and with the bites of a million and one other insects. The ones that don't bite go zooming around so fast that if they hit you you really feel it. There aren't many insects in Michigan are there Sweet? I hope not because I don't ever want to see any when I leave here.

Do you think you'll be able to go to Lynn during the Christmas vacation. Mom told me she hoped you could and I remember you mentioning it a while back. It would be swell if you could visit home sometime because Mom and Dad are quite anxious to show you off to the family. Particularly to my Aunt Esther. I should be jealous because you've very successfully alienated the affection of both Mom and Dad. I can under-

stand why though. They have the same  
good taste their son has. That's where I in-  
herited my good taste from you know.

Well, sweetheart, once again I will  
leave you. Very reluctantly because I  
never feel as near to you as when I am writ-  
ing to you and looking at your pictures.  
You are so very beautiful and lovable Darling.

I tell you this at the risk of seeming re-  
petition but I just can't help it or help  
myself and what's more I don't want to.  
I just want to be with you to hold you,  
kiss you, and go on loving you

Always  
Freddie